2607 1/6
4

THE CONCUBINE:

A POEM.

Phœbe fave, novus ingreditur tua templa Sacerdos,
Huc age cum cithara, carminibuſque veni. . . .
Tu procul eventura vides ——— TIBULL.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

THE

CONCUBINE:

A

POEM,

IN TWO CANTOS.

In the MANNER of SPENSER.

——— αἰνοτάτη, κύον ἀδδεὲς ——— Ιλιαδ. Φ'. 423.

OXFORD,

PRINTED FOR DANIEL PRINCE.

Sold by J. RIVINGTON, in St. Paul's Church-Yard; T. PAYNE, at the Mews-Gate; and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall, LONDON: And T. and J. MERRILL, in CAMBRIDGE.

M DCC LX VII.

THE

CONCUBINE:

A

POEM;

IN TWO CANTOS.

46
9 4
728.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

CONCUBINE.

CANTO I.

The mirthfull Bowres and flowry Dales
Of Pleaſures Faerie Land,
Where Vertues Budds are blighted as
By foul Enchanters Wand.

I.

AWAKE, ye Weſt Windes, through the lonely Dale,
And, Fancy, to thy Faerie Bowre betake:
Even now, with balmy Freſhneſſe, breathes the Gale,
Dimpling with downy Wing the ſtilly Lake;
Through the pale Willows faultering Whiſpers wake,
And Evening comes with Locks bedropt with Dew;
On Deſmonds mouldering Turretts ſlowly ſhake
The trembling Rie-graſs and the Hare-bell blue,
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew.

II.

O for that namleſſe Powre to ſtrike mine Eare,
That Powre of Charme thy Naiads once poſſeſt,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding Murmurs ſoothd the gentle Breſt
Of hapleſs SPENSER; long with Woes oppreſt,
Long with the drowſie Patrons Smyles decoyd,
Till in thy Shades, no more with Cares diſtreſt,
No more with painfull anxious Hopes accloyd,
The Sabbath of his Life the milde good Man enjoyd:

III.

Enjoyd each Wiſh, while rapt in Viſions bleſt
The Muſes wooed him, when each Evening grey
Luxurious Fancy, from her Wardrobe dreſt,
Brought forth her Faerie Knights in ſheen Array
By Forreſt edge or welling Fount, where lay,
Farre from the Crowd, the careleſſe Bard ſupine:
Oh happy Man! how innocent and gay,
How mildly peacefull paſt theſe Houres of thine!
Ah! could a Sigh availe, ſuch ſweete calme Peace were mine!

IV.

Yet oft, as penſive through theſe Lawns I ſtray,
Unbidden Tranſportes through my Boſome ſwell;
With pleaſing Reverence awd my Eyes ſurvey
The hallowed Shades where SPENSER ſtrung his Shell.
The Brooke ſtill murmurs through the buſhy Dell,
Still through the Woodlands wilde and beauteous riſe
The Hills greene Tops, ſtill from her moſs-white Cell
Complayning Echoe to the Stockdove ſighs,
And Fancy, wandering here, ſtill feels new Extacies.

V.

Then come, ye Genii of the Place! O come,
Ye wilde-wood Muſes of the native Lay!
Ye who theſe Bancks did whilom conſtant roam,
And round your SPENSER ever gladſom play!
Oh, come once more! and with your magick Ray
Theſe Lawns transforming, raiſe the myſtick Scene:
The Lawns alreadie own your vertual Sway,
Proud Citys riſe, with Seas and Wildes atweene,
In one enchanted View the various Walks of Men.

VI.

Towrd to the Skye, with Cliff on Cliff ypild,
Fronting the Sunne, a Rock fantaſtick roſe;
From every Rift the Pink and Primroſe ſmild,
And redd with Bloſſomes hung the Wildings Boughs;
On middle Cliff each flowry Shrub that blows
On Mayes ſweete Morne a fragrant Grove diſplayd,
Beauteous and wilde as ever Druid choſe;
From whence a reverend Wizard through the Shade
Advaunſt to meet my Steps, for here me ſeemd I ſtrayd.

VII.

White as the Snowdrop round his Temples flowd
A few thin Hairs; bright in his eagle Eye,
Meint with Heavens Lightning, ſocial Mildneſſe glowd;
Yet when him liſt queynt was his Leer and ſlie,
Yet wondrous diſtant from Malignitie,
For ſtill his Smyle did forcibly diſcloſe
The Soul of Worth and warme Hart-honeſtie:
Such winning Grace as Age but rare beſtows
Dwelt on his Cheeks and Lips, now like the withering Roſe.

VIII.

Of ſkyen Blue a mantling Robe he wore,
A purple Girdle looſely tyd his Waiſt
Enwove with many a Flowre from many a Shore,
And halfe conceald and halfe reveald his Veſt,
His Veſt of Silk, the Faerie Queenes Bequeſt
What time ſhe wooed him ere his Head was grey;
A Lawrell Bough he held, and now addreſt
To Speech, he points it to the mazy Way
That wide and farre around in wildeſt Proſpect lay.

IX.

Younkling, quoth he, lo, where at thy deſire
The Wilderneſſe of Life extenſive lies,
The Path of bluſtering Fame and warlike Ire,
Of ſcowling Powre and lean-bond Covetiſe,
Of thoughtleſs Mirth and Follys giddy Joys;
And whither all thoſe Paths illuſive end;
All theſe at my Command didactick riſe,
And ſhift obedient as mine Arm I bend.
He ſaid, and to the Fielde did ſtrait his Arm extend.

X.

Strait as he willd an Arch triumphall roſe,
Where ſtern Ambition in his Charet rode,
Supreme Contempt lowrd on his heavie Brows,
And graſping at the Starres he apd the God:
But while through proſtrate Crowds his Horſes trod
The Wizard wavd his Hand—down in the Clay
Tumbled his Car; begrimd with Mire and Blood
Sprawling beneath his Horſes Hoofs he lay,
And, thondring in his Eares, the rabble Herd huzza.

XI.

Well worthy Meed, quoth I, that Paynim found;
But certes, lever would I ſee and hear,
How, oft, the gentle Plant of generous Ground
And faireſt Bloome no ripend Fruit will bear:
Oft have I ſhed, perdie, the bitter Tear
To ſee the Shoots of Vertue ſhrink and dy,
Untimely blaſted in the ſoft greene Ear:
What evil Blight thus workes ſuch Villany,
To tell, O reverend Seer, thy prompt Enchauntment try.

XII.

Ah me! how little doe unthinking Youth
Foreſee the Sorrowes of their Elder Age!
Full oft, quoth he, my Boſome melts with Ruth
To note the Follies of their early Stage,
Where Diſſipations Cup full deepe they pledge;
Ne can the Wizards Saws diſperſe to flight
The Ills that ſoon will Warre againſt them wage,
Ne may the Spells that lay the Church-yarde Spright
Free from his Concubine the luckleſſe ill-ſtarrd Wight.

XIII.

This Truth to tell, ſee, yonder Lawnſkepe riſe,
An ample Fielde of Britiſh Clime I ween,
A Fielde which never by Poetick Eyes
Was vewd from hence. Thus, though the rural Scene
Has by a thouſand Artiſts pencild beene,
Some other may, from other Point, explore
A Vew full different, yet as faire beſeene:
So ſhall theſe Lawns preſent one Lawnſkepe more,
For certes where we ſtand ſtood never Wight before.

XIV.

In yonder Dale does wonne a gentle Knight—
Fleet as he ſpake ſtill roſe the Imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the Sight;
It was, I weet, a goodlie Baronie:
Beneath a greene-clad Hill, right faire to ſee,
The Caſtle in the ſunny Vale yſtood;
All round the Eaſt grew many a ſheltering Tree,
And on the Weſt a dimpling ſilver Flood
Ran through the Gardins trim, then crept into the Wood.

XV.

How ſweetly here, quoth he, might one employ
And fill with worthy Deed the fleeting Houres!
What Pleaſaunce mote a learned Wight enjoy
Emong the Hills and Vales and ſhadie Bowres;
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary-headed Wheat, the freckled Corne,
The bearded Barlie, and the Hopp that towres
So high, and with his Bloome ſalews the Morne,
And with the Orchard vies the Lawnſkepe to adorne;

XVI.

The fragrant Orchard, where her golden Store
Pomona laviſhes on everie Tree,
The velvet-coated Peach, the Plumb ſo hore,
The Nectrines redd, and Pippins, ſheene to ſee,
That nod in everie Gale with wanton Glee.
How happy here, with Woodſtocks laughing Swain,
And Avons Swan of peerleſſe Memorie,
To ſaunter through the Daſie-ſpangled Plain,
When Fancys ſweeteſt Impe Dan Spenſer joins the Train.

XVII.

Ne to Syr MARTYN hight were theſe unknowne;
Oft by the Brooke his infant Steps they led,
And oft the Fays, with many a warbling Tone
And laughing Shape, ſtood round his morning Bed:
Such Happineſs bloomd faire around his Hed,
Yet though his Mind was formd each Joy to taſte,
From him, alas! dear homefelt Joyaunce fled,
And ſweete Content ſtill from his Walks did haſte,
For, ah! his Concubine was his continual Peſt.

XVIII.

Juſt when he had his eighteenth Summer ſeen,
Lured by the Fragrance of the new-mown Hay,
As careleſſe ſauntering through the Elm-fenced Green
He with his Book beguild the cloſing Day,
The Dairy Maide hight KATHRIN friſkd that Way;
A roguiſh twinkling Look the Gypſie caſt,
For well ſhe knew the Lemmans Art to play;
Nathleſſe unheeding on his Way he paſt,
Ne enterd in his Hart one Wiſh or Thought unchaſt.

XIX.

Right plump ſhe was, and ruddie glowd her Cheek,
Her eaſie Waiſte in Milchwhite Boddice dight,
Her golden Locks curld downe her Shoulders ſleek,
And halfe her Boſome heaving mett the Sight:
And gayly ſhe accoſts the ſober Wight,
Freedom and Glee blythe ſparkling in her Eye;
With wanton Merrimake ſhe trips the Knight,
And round the Younkling makes the Clover flye:
But ſoon he ſtarten up, more gameſom by and bye.

XX.

I ween, quoth ſhe, you think to win a Kiſs,
But certes you ſhall woo and ſtrive in vain.
Faſt in his Armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell; but loud and angrie then
Gan ſhe of ſhame and haviour vild complain,
While baſhfully the weetleſſe Boy did look:
With cunning Smyles ſhe vewd his awkward Pain;
The Smyle he caught, and eke new Corage took,
And Kathrin then a Kiſs, perdie, did gentlie brook.

XXI.

Fleet paſt the Months ere yet the giddy Boy
One Thought beſtowd on what would ſurely be;
But well his Aunt perceivd his dangerous Toy,
And ſore ſhe feard her auncient Familie
Should now be ſtaind with Blood of baſe Degree:
For, ſooth to tell, her liefeſt Harts Delight
Was ſtill to count her princely Pedigree
Through Barons bold up to Cadwallin hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute yſprong of Venus bright.

XXII.

But, zealous to forefend her gentle Race
From baſelie matching with Plebeian Bloud,
She caſt and ſchemd to ſhonne thilk foull Diſgrace,
And Kathrins Bale in wondrous Wrath ſhe vowd:
Yet could ſhe not with cunning Portaunce ſhroud,
So as might beſt ſucceede, her good Intent,
But clept her Lemman and vild Slutt aloud;
That ſoon ſhe ſhould her graceleſs Thewes repent,
And ſtand in long white Sheet before the Parſon ſhent.

XXIII.

So ſpake the Wizard, and his Hand he wavd,
And prompt the Scenerie roſe, where liſtleſſe lay
The Knight in ſhadie Bowre by Streamlet lavd,
While Philomela ſoothd the parting Day:
Here Kathrin him approachd with Features gay,
And all her Store of Blandiſhments and Wiles;
The Knight was touchd—but ſhe with ſoft Delay
And gentle Teares yblends her languid Smiles,
And of baſe Crueltie th' enamourd Boy reviles.

XXIV.

Amazd the Boy beheld her readie Teares,
And, faultering oft, exclaims with wondring Stare,
What mean theſe Sighs? diſpell thine ydle Feares;
And, confident in me, thy Griefes declare.
And need, quoth ſhe, need I my Hart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Loſt is my Friends Good-will, my Mothers Care —
By you deſerted — ah! unhappy Me!
Left to your Aunts fell Spight and wreakfull Crueltie.

XXV.

My Aunt! quoth he, forſooth, ſhall ſhe command!
No; ſooner ſhall yond Hill forſake his Place,
He laughing ſaid; and would have caught her Hand;
Her Hand ſhe ſhifted to her blubberd Face
With prudiſh Modeſtie, and ſobd, Alas!
Grant me your Bond, or els on yonder Tree
Theſe ſilkin Garters, Pledge of thy Embrace,
Ah, welladay! ſhall hang my Babe and me,
And everie Night our Ghoſtes ſhall bring all Hell to Thee.

XXVI.

Ythrilld with Horrour gapd the wareleſs Wight,
As when, aloft on well-ſtord Cherrie Tree,
The thieviſh Elfe beholds with pale Affright
The Gardner near, and weets not where to flee:
And will my Bond forefend thilk Miſerie?
That ſhalt thou have; and for thy Peace beſide,
What mote I more? Houſekeeper ſhalt thou be.
An awfull Oathe forthwith his Promiſe tied,
And Kathrin was as blythe as ever blytheſome Bride.

XXVII.

Ah! ſays the Wizard, what may now availe
His manlie Senſe that faireſt Bloſſoms bore,
His Temper gentle as the whiſpering Gale,
His native Goodneſſe, and his vertuous Lore?
Now through his Veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted Cup of Diſſipation hight
Has ſhedd, with ſubtil Stealth through everie Pore,
Its giddy Poiſon, brewd with magicke Might,
Each Budd of gentle Worth and better Thought to blight.

XXVIII.

So the Canadian, traind in drery Waſtes
To chace the foming Bore and Fallow Deer,
At firſt the Traders Beverage ſhylie taſtes;
But ſoon with headlong Rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamd, he luſts for the delirious Cheer:
So burſts the Boy diſdeinfull of Reſtrent
Headlong attonce into the wylde Career
Of Jollitie, with feveriſh Thirſte ybrent,
And dull and yrkſome hangs the Day in Sportes unſpent.

XXIX.

Now fly the waſſal Seaſons wingd with Glee,
Each Day affords a Floode of roring Joy;
The Springs greene Months ycharmd with Cocking flee,
The jolly Horſe-race Summers grand Employ,
His Harveſt Sports the Foxe and Hare deſtroy;
But the ſubſtantial Comforts of the Bowl
Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the Boy
With Englands Cauſe, and ſwell his mightie Soul,
Till dizzy through the Roome He and his Cronies rowl.

XXX.

Now round his Dores ynaild on Cloggs of Wood
Hangs many a Badgers Snout and Foxes Tail,
The which had he through many a Hedge perſewd, [Dale;
Through Marſh, through Meer, Dyke, Ditch, and Delve and
To hear his hair-breadth Scapes would make you pale;
Which well the Groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on Holidays he quaffs his Ale;
And not one Circumſtance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard Chorle is on his Hunting ſett.

XXXI.

Now on the Turf the Knight with ſparckling Eyes
Beholds the ſpringing Racers ſweep the Ground;
Now lightlie by the Poſt the Foremoſt flies,
And thondring on the ratling Hoofs rebound;
Now keener ſtill the cracking Whips reſound:
Dæmon of Game! now bleſs thy rapturous Houre!
See, ſee thy Prophets furious ſtare around;
Now to the Goal they fly—in franticke Stowre
The Knights fird Eyes confeſſe the Criſis of thy Powre.

XXXII.

Soft as the Goſſamer in Summer Shades
Extends its twinckling Line from Spray to Spray,
Gently as Sleep the wearie Lids invades,
So ſoft, ſo gently Pleaſure mines her Way:
But whither will the ſmyling Fiend betray,
Ah, let the Knights approching Dayes declare!
Though everie Bloome and Flowre of buxom MAY
Beſtrews her Path, to Deſarts colde and bare
The mazy Path betrays the giddy Wight unware.

XXXIII.

While thus the Knight perſewd the Shaddow Joy
As youthly Spirits thoughtleſſe led the Way,
Her gilden Baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrin did Eve and Morn before him lay,
Watchfull to pleaſe and ever kindlie gay;
Till, like a Thing bewitchd, the careleſſe Wight
Reſigns himſelfe to her capricious Sway:
Then ſoon, perdie, was never charme-bound Spright
In Necromancers Thrall in halfe ſuch pitteous Plight.

XXXIV.

Her End accompliſhd, and her Hopes at Stay,
What need her now, ſhe recks, one Smyle beſtow;
Each Care to pleaſe were Trouble thrown away,
And thriftleſſe Waſte, with many Maxims moe,
As, What were ſhe the better did ſhe ſo,
She conns, and freely ſues her native Bent;
Yet ſtill can She to guard his Thralldom know,
Though grimd with Snuff in tawdrie Gown ſhe went,
Though peeviſh was her Spleen and rude her Jolliment.

XXXV.

As when the Linnett hails the balmy Morne,
And roving through the Trees its Mattins ſings,
Lively with Joy, till on a luckleſſe Thorne
It lights, where to its Feet the Birdlime clings;
Then all in vain it flapps its gaudie Wings;
The more it flutters ſtill the more foredone:
So fares it with the Knight: each Morning brings
His deeper Thrall; ne can he Brawling ſhun,
For Kathrin was his Thorne and Birdlime both in one.

XXXVI.

Or, when atop the hoarie weſtern Hill
The ruddie Sunne appears to reſt his Chin,
When not a Breeze diſturbs the murmuring Rill,
And mildlie warm the falling Dews begin,
The gameſom Trout, then ſhews her ſilverie Skin
As wantonly beneath the Wave ſhe glides,
Watching the buzzing Flies that never blin,
Then, dropt with Pearle and Golde, diſplays her Sides,
While ſhe with frequent Leape the dimpling Streame divides.

XXXVII.

On the greene Banck a truant Schoolboy ſtands;
Well has the Urchin markt her mery Play,
An Aſhen Rod obays his guilefull Hands,
And leads the mimicke Fly accroſs her Way;
Aſkaunce, with wiſtly Look and coy Delay,
The hungrie Trout the glitteraund Treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of Life with ſpeckled Wings full gay,
Then ſlylie nibbling prudiſh from it flies,
Till with a bouncing Start ſhe bites the truthleſs Prize.

XXXVIII.

Ah, then the Younker gives the ruthleſſe Twitch;
The Hook ſhe feels deepe in her Gils ypight,
Deepe ſtung ſhe feels, and plonging where the Beech
Shaddows the Poole ſhe runs in dred Affright;
In vain the deepeſt Rocke her late Delight,
In vain the ſedgy Nook for Help ſhe tries;
The laughing Elfe now curbs, now ayds her Flight,
The more entangled ſtill the more ſhe flies,
And ſoon amid the Graſs the panting Captive lies.

XXXIX.

Where now, ah Pity! where that ſprightly Play,
That wanton Bounding and exulting Joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning Ray,
When by the Rivletts Bancks, with Bluſhes coy,
APRIL walkd forth — ah! never more to toy
In purling Streame, ſhe pants, ſhe gaſps and dies!
Aie me! how like the Fortune of the Boy!
His Days of Revel and his Nights of Noiſe
Have left him now involvd, his Lemmans hapleſs Prize.

XL.

His Aunt long pined with very Dole to ſee
Cadwallins Bloud debaſd in Kathrins Brood:
With very Dole ſhe died; and Kathrin, free
From Dred of her, now lords it unwithſtood.
See, quoth the Wizard, how diſgraſte and rude
Now lies the Park, ſo ſweetly wylde afore,
Each Bowery Walke and Grove by her tranſmewd;
The Bowling Greene ſtript of its velvet Flore,
With graſs-grown Pebbles blanck now yawns forby the Dore.

XLI.

All round the Borders where the Panſie blue,
Crocus, and Polyanthus powderd fine,
And Daffodils in fayre Confuſion grew,
Emong the Roſe-buſh Roots and Eglantine,
Theſe now their Place to Cabbages reſign;
And tawdrie Peaſe ſupply the Lillys Stead,
Rough Artichokes now briſtle where the Vine
Its purple Cluſters round the Windows ſpread,
And laiſie Cucumbers on Dung recline the Head.

XLII.

The fragrant Orchard, once the Summers Pride,
Where oft, by Moonſhine, on the daſied Greene,
In jovial Daunce, or tripping Side by Side,
Pomona and her buxom Nymphes were ſeene,
Or where the clear Canal ſtretchd out atweene,
Defly their Locks with Bloſſomes would they brede,
Or, reſting by the Primroſe Hillocks ſheene,
Beneath the Apple Boughs and Walnut Shade,
Their Holidays they kept, and bade the Fruitage ſpred;

XLIII.

The fragrant Orchard at her dire Command
In all the pride of Bloſſome ſtrewd the Plain;
The Hillocks gently riſing through the Land
Muſt now no trace of Natures Steps retain;
The clear Canal, the Mirrhour of the Swain,
And bluiſh Lake no more adorne the Greene,
Two durty watering Ponds alone remain;
And what ygoe the Place of Herbs had bene,
Is now a Turnip Fielde and Cow Yarde nothing cleane.

XLIV.

An auncient Crone, yclepd by Houſewives THRIFT,
All this deviſd for trim Oeconomie;
But certes, ever from her Birth bereft
Of Elegance, ill fitts her Title high.
Coarſe were her Looks, yet ſmooth her Courteſie,
Hoyden her Shapes, but grave was her Attyre,
And ever fixt on Trifles was her Eye,
And ſtill ſhe plodden round the Kitchen Fyre,
To ſave the ſmalleſt Cromb her Pleaſure and Deſyre.

XLV.

Bow-bent with Eld, her Steps were ſoft and ſlow,
And at her Side a Bounch of Keyes yhong,
Dulneſs and Care ſatt on her wrinckled Brow,
And Proverbs teaching Thrift dropt from her Tongue:
Yet ſparing though She beene her Gueſtes emong,
Ought by Herſelfe that ſhe mote gormandiſe,
The foull Curmudgeon would have That ere long,
And hardly could her Witt her Guſt ſuffice;
Albee in varied Stream ſtill was it Covetiſe.

XLVI.

Full many Hall this crooked Ronion haunts,
And eke in many Deed her Hand is kend:
Of her ſage Counſells Kathrin ever vaunts;
In ſooth ſhe was her Genius rightlie wend;
With her ſhe caſt and ſchemd withouten End,
Still how the more to ſwell her private Hoard,
And how from ſuddein Fall her beſt forefend:
In thoughtleſſe Mirth and Debt to plonge her Lord
The Beldame whiſperd ſtill would Safety beſt afford.

XLVII.

His Tenants whilom beene of thriftie kind,
Did like to ſing and worken all the Day,
At Seedtime never were they left behind,
And at the Harveſt Feaſt ſtill firſt did play,
And ever at the Terme their Rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their Rural Geer;
All in a Row, yclad in homeſpun Grey,
They marchd to Church each Sunday of the Year,
Their Imps yode on afore, the Carles brought up the Rear.

XLVIII.

Ah happy Days! but now no longer found:
No more with ſociall hoſpitable Glee
The Village Hearths at Chriſtmas Tide reſound,
No more the Whitſun Gambolls may you ſee,
Nor Morrice Daunce, nor May Daye Jollitie,
When the blythe Maydens foot the deawy Green;
But now, in place, hart-ſinking Penurie
And hopeleſſe Care on every Face is ſeen,
As theſe the drery Times of Curfeu Bell had been.

XLIX.

For everie while, with thief-like lounging Pace
And dark of Look, a tawdry Villain came,
Muttring ſome Words with ſerious-meaning Face,
And on the Church Dore he would fix their Name;
Then, nolens volens, they muſt heed the ſame,
And quight thoſe Fieldes their Yeomen Grandſyres plowd
Eer ſince Black Edwards Dayes, when, crownd with Fame,
From Creſſie Fielde the Knights old Grandſyre prowd
Led home his Yeomandrie, and each his Glebe allowd.

L.

But now the Orphan ſees his Harveſt Fielde
Beneath the Gripe of legal Rapine fall,
The friendleſſe Widow, from her Hearth expelld,
Withdraws to ſome poor Hutt, with earthen Wall:
And theſe, perdie, were Kathrins Projects all;
For, ſooth to tell, grievd was the Knight full ſore
Such ſinfull Deeds to ſee; yet ſuch his Thrall,
Though he had pledgd his Troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except ſhe willd the ſame before.

LI.

Oh wondrous Powre of Womans wylie Art!
What for thy Witchcraft too ſecure may be?
Certes, it never was Syr Martyns Hart:
Himſelfe how dupd Himſelfe right plain did ſee,
His Word a Bubble, and his Will, perdie,
A tranſient Puff, that in Exertion dies;
For preſent Peace and Eaſe ſtill yieldeth he,
And looks, while thus he yields, moſt wondrous wiſe,
As from himſelfe he hopd his Griefe and Shame diſguiſe.

LII.

His Lawyer now aſſumes the Guardians Place;
Learnd was thilk Clerk in Deeds, and paſſing ſlie,
Slow was his Speeche, and ſolemn was his Face
As that grave Birds which Athens rankt ſo high;
Pleaſd Dullneſs baſking in his gloſſie Eye,
The Smyle would oft ſteal through his native Phlegm;
And well he guards Syr Martyns Propertie,
Till not one Peaſant dares invade the Game:
But certes, ſeven Yeares Rent was ſoon his own juſt Claim.

LIII.

Now Mortgage follows Mortgage: cold Delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending Caſe.
Thus quickly ſlid the Knights gay Bloome away;
Kathrin the while brought bantling Imps apace;
While everie Day renews his vile Diſgrace,
And ſtraitens ſtill the more his galling Thrall:
See now what Scenes his Houſehold Hours debaſe,
And riſe ſucceſſive in his cheerleſſe Hall.
So ſpake the Seer, and prompt the Scene obayd his Call.

LIV.

See, quoth the Wizard, how with foltering Mien
And diſcompoſd yon Stranger he receives;
Lo, how with ſulkie Look and moapt with Spleen
His frowning Miſtreſſe to his Friend behaves:
In vain he nods, in vain his Hand he waves,
Ne will ſhe heed, ne will ſhe ſign obay;
Nor Corner dark his awkward Bluſhes ſaves,
Ne may the hearty Laugh, ne Features gay:
The hearty Laugh, perdie, does but his Pain betray.

LV.

A worthy Wight his Friend was ever known,
Some generous Cauſe did ſtill his Lips inſpire,
He begs the Knight by Friendſhips long agone
To ſhelter from his Lawyers cruell Ire
An auncient Hinde, around whoſe cheerleſſe Fire
Sat Grief and pale Diſeaſe. The poor Mans Wrong
Affects the Knight: his inmoſt Hearts Deſire
Gleams through his Eyes; yet all confuſd, and ſtung
With inward Pain, he looks, and Silence guards his Tongue.

LVI.

See, while his Friend entreats and urges ſtill,
See, how with ſidelong Glaunce and Haviour ſhy
He ſteals the Look to read his Lemmans Will,
Watchfull the Dawn of an Aſſent to ſpy.
Look as he will, yet will ſhe not comply.
His Friend with Scorne beholds his awkward Pain;
From him even Pity turns her tear-dewd Eye,
And hardlie can the burſting Laugh reſtrain,
While manlie Honour frowns on his unmanly Stain.

LVII.

Let other Scenes now riſe, the Wizard ſaid:
He wavd his Hand, and other Scenes aroſe.
See there, quoth he, the Knight ſupinely laid
Invokes the Houſhold Houres of Learnd Repoſe,
And Auncient Song its manly Joys beſtows.
The melting Paſſion of the Nott-brown Mayde
Glides through his Breaſt; his wandering Fancy glows,
Till into wildeſt Reveries betrayd,
He hears th' imagind Faire, and wooes the lovely Shade.

LVIII.

Transported he repeats her constant Vow,
How to the Greene Wode Shade, betide whateer,
She with her banyshd Love would fearlesse goe,
And sweete would be with him the hardest Cheer.
Oh Heaven! he sighs, what Blessings dwell sincere
In Love like this! — but, instant as he sighd,
Bursting into the Room, loud in his Ear
His Lemman thonders, Ah! fell Dole betide
The Girl that trusts in Man before she bees his Bride!

LIX.

Ah, simple me! that litle knew to shun
Thy hatefull Presence! she disdeinfull cries;
When strait her Imps all brawling round her run,
And, bleard with Teares, each for Revenge applies:
Him chiefe in Spleen the Father means chastise,
But from his kindlie Hand she saves him still;
Yet for no Fault, see, how in furious wise
Yon yellow Elfe she litle spares to kill;
And then, next Breath, does all to coax its stubborn Will.

LX.

Pale as the Ghoſte that by the gleaming Moon
Withdraws the Curtain of the Murderers Bed,
So pale and cold at Hart, as halfe aſwoon
The Knight ſtares round; yet good nor bad he ſed,
Though trembling Anguiſh in each Feeling bled
And rent with cruell Pangs his beſt of Man.
Such now the ſole domeſtick Life he led,
Such Scenes ſtill ſhifting ſtill anew began:
Small wonder now, parfay, that he to Paſtimes ran.

LXI.

Woe to the Wight whoſe hated Home no more
The hallowd Temple of Content may be!
While now his Days abroad with Groomes he wore,
His Miſtreſſe with her liefeſt Companie
A vile unletterd Herd! with deareſt Glee
Enjoys each Whiſper of her Neighbours Shame;
And ſtill anon the Flaſk of Ratafie
Improves their Tales, till certes not a Name
Eſcapes their blaſting Tongue, or Goody, Wench, or Dame.

LXII.

One Evening Tide as with her Crones ſhe ſate,
Making ſweete Solace of ſome Scandall new,
A boiſtrous Noiſe came thondring at the Gate,
And ſoon a ſturdie Boy approchd in Vew;
With Golde farre glitteraund were his Veſtments blue
And pye-ſhapd Hat, and of the Silver ſheen
An huge broad Buckle glaunſt in either Shoe,
And round his Necke an India Kerchiefe clean,
And in his Hand a Switch: a jollie Wight I ween.

LXIII.

Farre had he ſaild, and roamd the fomy Deepe,
Where ruddie Phœbus ſlacks his firie Team;
(With burning Golde then flames th' Etherial Steepe,
And Oceans Waves like molten Silver ſeem)
Eke had he ſeen, with dimond glittering Beam,
The Starre of Morne awake the roſeate Day,
While yet beneath the Moone old Nilus Stream
Pale through the Land reflects the gleamy Ray,
As through the Midnight Skyes appeares the Milky Way.

LXIV.

Through the Columbian World, and verdant Iles
Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent ſped:
Eke had he beene where flowry Sommer ſmiles
At Chriſtmas Tide, where other Heavens are ſpred,
Beſprent with Starres that Newton never red,
Where in the North the Sun of Noone is ſeene:
Wherever Hannoes bold Ambition led,
Wherever Gama ſaild, there had he beene,
Gama *, the dearling Care of Beautys Heavenly Queene.

LXV.

Eke had he plied the Rivers and the Coaſt
Where bold Nearche young Ammons Fleete did guide
A Taſk ſo dred even the world-conquering Hoſt
Could not another for ſuch Featts provide:
And often had he ſeen that Ocean wide
Which to his wearie Bands thilke Youth did ſay
None but th' immortal Gods had ever ſpyd,
Which Sight, quoth he, will all your Toils repay:
That none mote ſee it more als he the Gods did pray.

* Camoëns.

LXVI.

Through theſe outlandiſh Shores and Oceans dire
For ten long Seaſons did the Younkling toil,
Through Stormes, through Tempeſts and the Battels Fire,
Through Cold, through Heat, cheerd by the Hope the while
Of yet reviſiting his natal Soil:
And oft, when flying in the Monſoon Gale,
By Æthiopias Coaſt or Javas Ile,
When glauncing over Oceans Boſome pale,
The Ship hung on the Winds with broad and ſteadie Sail:

LXVII.

Hung on the Winds as from his ayrie Flight,
With wide-ſpred Wing unmovd, the Eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdons Brow prepard to light,
Sailing the liquid Skye he ſheer deſcends:
Thus oft, when roving farre as Wave extends,
The Scenes of promiſt Bliſs would warm the Boy,
To meet his Brother with each Wiſh yblends,
And Friendſhips glowing Hopes each Thought employ;
And now at Home arrivd his Heart dilates with Joy.

LXVIII.

Around the Meadows and the Park he looks,
To ſpy the Streamlett or the Elm-tree Shade,
Where oft at Eve, beneath the cawing Rooks,
He with his Feres in mery Childhoode playd:
But all was changd! — unweetingly diſmayd
A cold foreboding Impulſe thrills his Breaſt;
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd
When entering in ſhe kens the Stranger Gueſt:
Then with ſad Mien ſhe roſe, and kindlie him embraſt.

LXIX.

Great Marvell at her ſolemn Cheer he made;
Then, ſobbing deepe, Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your Retourne, ſhe gently ſaid;
But what Miſhap! our Infant Familee,
The deareſt Babes, though they were nought to mee,
That ever breathd, are laid in deadlie Plight:
What ſhall we do! — great were your Courteſie
To lodge in yonder Tenants Houſe To-night;
The ſkilfull Leache forbids that Noiſe my Babes ſhould fright.

LXX.

Blunt was the Boy, and to the Farme-houſe nigh
To wait his Brother, at her Bidding fares,
Conducted by a Goſſip pert and ſly:
Kathrin the whiles her Malengines prepares.
Now gan the Duſke ſuſpend the Plowmans Cares,
When from his rural Sportes arrives the Knight;
Soon with his Mates the jovial Bowl he ſhares,
His Hall reſounds! — amazd the Stranger Wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell Deſpight.

LXXI.

Late was the Houre whenas the Knight was tould
Of Stranger Gueſt, Go, bid him welcome here;
What ſeeks he there? quoth he. Perdie, what would
You ſeek? ſays to the Boy the Meſſenger.
To ſee the Knight, quoth he, I but requere.
Syr Knight, he ſcornes to come; the Servant ſaid.
Go, bid him ſtill, quoth he, to welcome Cheer:
But all contrarywiſe the Faytor made,
Till Rage enflamd the Boy; and ſtill his Rage they fed:

LXXII.

Your Brother, quoth the Hoſteſſe, ſoon will waſte
His fayre Eſtate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your Patrimonie faſt.
Next Morne a Lawyer beene ybrought with Speed,
And wiſe he lookt, and wiſely ſhook his Head.
Him now impowrd, the Youth with Rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his Steed,
And leaves the Place in Fancy hugely ſhent:
All which to Kathrins Mind gave wondrous great Content.

LXXII.

Your Brother, quoth the Public, does well who's
His Sayes Right, and cares, well I read,
He wents to hold your Patrons Head.
Sweet Mome a Lawyer bears Pleading with speed,
And wife he looks, and wildly shoots his Head.
His new improving the Cour is with Sage plead
Vows never to returne; then mounts his Steed,
And leaves the Place in Fancy highly Bent:
All which to Katrins Mind gave wondrous great Content.

CANTO II.

In muſefull Stownd Syr Martyn *rews*
His Youthhedes thoughtleſſe Stage;
But Diſſipation haunts him to
The Bloſſomes of Old Age.

I.

WITH gracefull Pauſe awhile the Wizard ſtood,
Then thus reſumd, As he whoſe homeward Way
Lies through the Windings of ſome verdant Wood,
Through many a mazy Turn and Arbour gay
He ſues the flowery Steps of jollie MAY,
While through the Openings many a Lawnſkepe new
Burſts on his Sight; yet, never once aſtray,
Still Home he wends: So we our Theme purſue,
Through many a Bank and Bowre cloſe following ſtill our Cue.

II.

Soothd by the Murmurs of a plaintive Streame,
A wyld romantick Dell its Fragrance ſhed;
Safe from the Thonder Showre and ſcorching Beame
Their faerie Charmes the Summer Bowres diſplaid;
Wyld by the Bancks the baſhfull Cowſlips ſpread,
And from the Rock above each ivied Seat
The ſpotted Foxgloves hung the purple Head,
And lowlie Vilets kiſt the Wanderers Feet:
Sure never Hybleas Bees rovd through a Wilde ſo ſweet.

III.

As winds the Streamlett ſerpentine along,
So leads a ſolemn Walk its darkling Way,
The pale-leavd Palms and darker Limes among,
To where a Grotto lone and ſecret lay;
The yellow Broome, where chirp the Linnets gay,
Waves rownd the Cave; and to the blue-ſtreakd Skyes
A ſhatterd Rock towres up in Fragments grey:
The Shee-Goat from its Height the Lawnſkepe eyes,
And calls her wanderd Young, the Call each Banck replies.

IV.

Here oft the Knight had paſt the Sommers Morne
What time the wondering Boy to Manhoode roſe,
When Fancy firſt her Lawnſkepes gan adorne,
And Reaſons folded Budds their Flowres diſcloſe,
What time young Tranſport through the Spirits flows,
When Nature ſmyles with Charmes unſeen before,
When with unwonted Hopes the Boſome glows,
While wingd with Whirlwind Speed the Thoughts explore
The endleſſe Wylde of Joys that Youth beholds in ſtore.

V.

The Dryads of the Place that nurſt the Flowres,
And hung the Dewdrop in the Hycinths Bell,
For him employd their Vertue-breathing Powres,
And Cambrias Genius bade his Worth excell.
His youthfull Breaſt confeſt the wondrous Spell;
His generous Temper warmd with fayre Deſign,
The Friend and Patriot now his Boſome ſwell,
The Lover and the Father now combine,
And ſmyling Viſions form, where Bliſs and Honour join.

VI.

Of theſe loved Reveries this the loved Retreat
Muſt now no more with Dreams of Bliſs decoy,
Yet here he liken ſtill himſelfe to meet,
Though Woes, a gloomy Train, his Thoughts employ:
Oh loſt to Peace, he ſighs, unhappy Boy!
Oh loſt to every Worth that Life adorns! ——
Oh loſt to Peace, to Elegance and Joy!
Th' aërial Genius of the Cave returns,
Whiles in the babbling Rill the plaintive Naiade mourns.

VII.

Thus as He ſpake the magicke Lawnſkepe roſe,
The Dell, the Grotto, and the Broome-clad Hill;
See, quoth the Wizard, where the Knight beſtows
An Houre to Thought and Reaſons Whiſpers ſtill;
Whilſt, as a nightly Viſion boding ill,
Seen with pale Glymps by lonly wandering Swayne,
TRUTH, gleaming through the Fogs of biaſt Will,
Frowns on him ſterne, and honeſt SHAME gins fayne
In her reflective Glas his Lifes ignoble Straine.

VIII.

His earlie Hopes ſhe ſhews and ſhews againe:
How oft haſt Thou, ſhe cries, indignant vewd
The titled Cypher and his ſolemn Traine,
The buſie Face and dull Solicitude
That, ever plodding in important Mood,
Has not a Soul to reach one nŏble Aim,
Nor Soul, nor Wiſh — whoſe vacant Mind endewd
With not one Talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden Buſt the ſacred Wreath of Fame:

IX.

Who to the Patrons Lawrells would aſpire
By labouring in the Britiſh Clime to rear
Thoſe Arts that quencht prowd Romes Patrician Fire,
And bowd her prone beneath the Gothick Spear;
Illuſtrious Cares! befitting Patriot Peer!
Italian Sing-ſong and the Eunuchs Squall;
Such Arts as ſoothd the baſe unmanly Ear
Of Greece and Perſia bending to their Fall,
When Freedome bled unwept, and ſcornd was Glorys Call.

X.

While theſe thy Breaſt with Scorne indignant fird,
What other Views before thee would diſcloſe!
As Fancy painted and thy Wiſh inſpird,
What glorious Scenes beneath thy Shades aroſe!
Britannias Guardians here diſpell her Woes,
Forming her Laws, her Artes, with godlike Toil;
There Albion, ſmyling on their learnd Repoſe,
Sees Manly Genius in their Influence ſmile,
And ſpread the hallowed Streames of Virtue round the Ile.

XI.

How bleſt, ah Heaven! ſuch ſelfe-approving Houres,
Such Views ſtill opening, ſtill extending higher,
Cares whence the State derives its firmeſt Powres,
And Scenes where Friendſhip ſheds her pureſt Fire!
And did, ah Shame! theſe Hopes in vain expire
A Morning Dreame! — As the lorn Spendthrift ſtands,
Who ſees the Fieldes bequeathd him by his Sire,
His own no more, reapt by the Strangers Hands,
So languid muſt I view faire Honours fertile Lands.

XII.

Silence would then enſue; perhaps reclind
On the greene Margin of the Streame he lay,
While ſoftlie ſtealing on his languid Mind
Th' Ideal Scene would hold a Moments Sway,
And the Domeſticke Houre all Smyles diſplay,
Where fixt Eſteeme the fond Diſcourſe inſpires:
Now through his Hart would glide the ſprightlie Ray
Where Married Love bids light his pureſt Fires,
Where Elegance preſides, and wakes the Young Deſires.

XIII.

Strait to his brawling Lemman turns his Mind;
Shockd he beholds the odious Colours riſe,
Where Selfiſhneſſe, with Pride and Spleen combind,
Form the Companion whom he muſt deſpiſe,
Incapable of ſweete Affections Ties,
Grovling, indelicate — Stung to the Hart
His Indignation heaves in ſtiffled Sighs;
But ſoon his Paſſion burſts with ſuddein Start:
His Children ſtrike his Thoughts with lively pierſant Smart.

XIV.

The Mothers Baſeneſſe in their Deeds he ſees,
And all the wounded Father ſwells his Breaſt:
Suddein he leaves the Cave and mantling Trees,
And up the the furzie Hill his Footſteps haſte,
While ſullenly he ſoothes his Soul to reſt:
Meantime the opening Proſpect wide he gains,
Where, crownd with Oake, with Meadow Flowres ydreſt,
His Britiſh Chaplett, buxom Summer reigns,
And waves his Mantle greene farre round the ſmyling Plains.

XV.

Still as he ſlow aſcends the bounteous Farms,
And old grey Towres of rural Churches riſe,
The Fieldes ſtill lengthening ſhew their crowded Charms
In fayre Perſpective and in richeſt Guiſe:
His ſweeping Scythe the white-ſleevd Mower plies,
The Plowman through the Fallow guides his Teame,
Acroſſe the Wheaten Fielde the Milkmayde hies,
To where the Kine, beſide the Reedy Streame,
With frequent Lowe to plaine of their ful Udders ſeeme.

XVI.

See, now the Knight arrives where erſt an Oak
Dan Æols bluſtering Stormes did long repell,
Till witchd it was, when by an headlong Shock,
As the hore Fathers of the Village tell,
With horrid Craſh on All Saints Eve it fell:
But from its Trunk ſoon ſprouting Saplings roſe,
And round the Parent Stock did ſhadowy ſwell;
Now, aged Trees, they bend their twiſted Boughs
And by their moſs-greene Roots invite the Swains Repoſe.

XVII.

Here on a bending Knare he penſive leans,
And round the various Lawnſkepe raunge his Eyes.
There ſtretch the Corny Fieldes in various Greens,
Farre as the Sight. There, to the peacefull Skyes
The darkning Firrs and dewy Poplars riſe.
Behind the Wood a black and heathy Lea,
With Sheep faire ſpotted, farre extended lies;
With here and there a lonlie blaſted Tree;
And from between two Hils appears the duſkie Sea.

XVIII.

Bright through the fleeting Clouds the Sunny Ray
Shifts o'er the Fieldes, now gilds the woody Dale,
The Flockes now whiten, now the Ocean Bay
Beneath the Radiance gliftens clear and pale,
And white from farre appears the frequent Sail,
By Traffick fpread. Moord where the Land divides,
The Britiſh Red-Croſs waving in the Gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant Warre Ship rides,
And over the greene Wave with lordlie Port preſides.

XIX.

Fixt on the Bulwark of the Britiſh Powre
Long gazd the Knight, with fretfull languid Air;
Then thus, indulging the reflective Houre,
Pours forth his Soul, Oh, glorious happy Care!
To bid Britannias Navies greatly dare,
And through the vaſſall Seas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious Warre,
To join the Poles in Trades unbounded Chain,
And bid the Britiſh Throne the mighty Whole ſuſtain.

XX.

With what ſuperiour Luſtre and Command
May ſtedfaſt Zeal in Albions Senate ſhine!
What glorious Lawrells court the Patriots Hand!
How baſe the Hand that can ſuch Meed decline!
And was, kind Fate! to ſnatch theſe Honours mine?
Yes! greene they ſpred and fayre they bloomd for me;
Thy Birth and Duty bade the chiefe be thine;
Oh loſt, vain Trifler, loſt in each Degree!
Thy Country never turnd her hopefull Eyes on Thee.

XXI.

Yet, how the Fielde of Worth luxurious ſmiles!
Nor Africk yields, nor Chilys Earth contains
Such Funds of Wealth as crowne the Plowmans Toils,
And tinge with waving Gold Britannias Plains;
Even on her Mountains cheerfull Plenty reigns,
And wildlie grand her Fleecy Wardrobe ſpreads.
What noble Meed the honeſt Stateſman gains,
Who through theſe Publique Nerves new Vigour ſheds,
And bids the Uſefull Artes exalt their drooping Heads:

XXII.

Who, founding on the Plough and humble Loome
His Countrys Greatneſſe, ſees, on every Tide,
Her Fleets the Umpire of the World aſſume,
And ſpread her Juſtice as her Glories wide —
Oh Wonder of the World, and faireſt Pride,
Britannias Fleet! how long ſhall Pity mourn
And ſtain thy Honours! From his weeping Bride
And ſtarving Babes, how long inhuman torn
Shall the bold Sailor mount thy Decks with Hart forlorn!

XXIII.

Sad on the Shrouds the wretched Father ſighs,
(Keen-eyd Humanity his Anguiſh ſees)
And fixing on the Land his earneſt Eyes,
Down ſinks his Hart and faint his manly Knees.
Ah! hither turn, ye Sonnes of Courtlie Eaſe,
And let the brave Mans Wrongs, let Intreſt plead:
Say, while his Arme his Countrys Fate decrees,
Say, ſhall his Hart for his lorn Familie bleed?
His Wrongs unnerve his Soul, and blaſt each mighty Deed.

XXIV.

Whatever Party boaſts thy glorious Name,
O THOU reſervd by Heavens benign Decree
To blaſt thoſe Artes that quench the Britiſh Flame,
And bid the meaneſt of the Land be free;
Oh, much Humanity ſhall owe to Thee!
And ſhall that Palm unenvied ſtill remain!
Yet, hear, ye Lordlings, each Severitie,
And every Woe the Labouring Claſs ſuſtain
Upbraids the Man of Powre, and blaſts his Honours vain.

XXV.

While thus the Knights long ſmotherd Fires broke forth,
The rouſing Muſicke of the Horne he hears
Shrill echoing through the Wold, and by the North
Where bends the Hill the ſounding Chace appears;
The Hounds with glorious peal ſalute his Ears,
And Wood and Dale rebound the ſwelling Lay;
The Youths on Courſers fleet as Fallow Deers
Pour through the Downs, while, foremoſt of the Fray,
Away! the jolly Huntſman cries; and Echoe ſounds, Away!

XXVI.

Now han the Beagles ſcourd the buſhy Ground,
Till where a Brooke ſtrays hollow through the Bent,
When all confuſd, and ſnuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull Haſte explord the Sent:
But Reynards Cunning all in vain was ſpent,
The Huntſman from his Stand his Arts had ſpyd,
Had markt his Doublings and his ſhrewd Intent,
How both the Bancks he traſte, then backward plyd
His Track ſome twentie Roods, then bounding ſprong aſide.

XXVII.

Eke had he markt where to the Broome he crept,
Where, hearkening every Sound, an Hare was laid;
Then from the thickeſt Buſh he ſlylie lept,
And wary ſcuds along the Hawthorne Shade,
Till by the Hills ſlant Foot he earths his Head
Amid a Briarie Thickett: Emblem meet
Of wylie Stateſman of his Foes adred;
He oft miſguides the Peoples Rage, I weet,
On Others, whilſt Himſelfe winds off with ſlie Deceit.

XXVIII.

The cunning Huntſman now cheers on his Pack,
The lurking Hare is in an inſtant ſlain;
Then opening loud the Beagles ſent the Track
Right to the Hill, while thondring through the Plain
With blythe huzzas advaunce the jovial Train,
And now the Groomes and Squires, Cowherds and Boys
Beat round and round the Brake; but all in vain
Their Poles they ply, and vain their Oathes and Noiſe,
Till plonging in his Den the Terrier fiercely joys.

XXIX.

Expelld his Hole, upſtarts to open Sky
The Villain bold, and wildly glares around.
Now here, now there, he bends his Knees to fly;
As oft recoils to guard from backward Wound;
His frothie Jaws he grinds — with horrid Sound
The Pack attonce ruſh on him: foming Ire,
Fiers at his Throte and Sides hangs many a Hound;
His burning Eyes flaſh wylde red ſparckling Fire,
Whiles weltring on the Swaird his Breath and Strength expire.

XXX.

Straight to Syr Martyns Hall the Hunters bend,
The Knight perceives it from his Oake-crownd Hill;
Down the ſteep furzie Height he ſlow gan wend,
With troublous Thoughts keen ruminating ſtill;
While Griefe and Shame by turns his Boſome fill.
And now, perchd prowdlie on the topmoſt Spray,
The ſootie Blackbird chaunts his Veſpers ſhrill,
Whiles Twilight ſpreads his Robe of ſober Grey,
And to their Bowres the Rooks loud cawing wing their Way.

XXXI.

And bright behind the Cambrian Mountains hore
Flames the red Beam, while on the diſtant Eaſt
The horned Moone, led by her Starre, looks o'er
The bending Forreſt, and with Rays increaſt
Aſcends, while trembling on the dappled Weſt.
The purple Radiance ſhifts, and dies away;
The Willows with a deeper Green impreſt
Nod o'er the Brooks; the Brooks with gleamy Ray
Glide on, and holy Peace aſſumes her woodland Sway.

XXXII.

All was Repoſe, all but Syr Martyns Breſt;
There, Paſſions tearing Guſts tempeſtuous riſe.
Are theſe, he murmurs, theſe my Friends! the beſt
That croud my Hall! the Sonnes of Madning Noiſe,
Whoſe warmeſt Friendſhip with the Revel dies;
Whoſe Glee it were my deareſt Peace deſtroy,
Who with my Woes could ſport, my Wrongs deſpiſe;
Could round my Coffin pledge the Cup of Joy,
And on my Crimes even then their baſe-tongued Witt employ.

XXXIII.

Whoſe Converſe, oft as fulſom Bawdrie fails,
Takes up the Barkings of Impiety,
The Scepticks wild disjointed Dreams retails,
Theſe modern Ravings of Philoſophy
Made drunk, the Cavil, the detected Ly,
The Witt of Ignorance and Gloſs unfair,
Which honeſt Dullneſs would with ſhame deny;
The Hope of Baſeneſs vaumpt in Candours Air:
Good Heaven! are ſuch the Friends that to my Hearth repair.

XXXIV.

The Man of Worth ſhuns thy reputeleſſe Dore,
Even the old Peaſant ſhakes his ſilverd Head,
Old Saws and Stories babling evermore,
And adding ſtill, Alas, thoſe Dayes be fled!
Here Indignation pauſd, when, up the Glade,
Pale through the Trees his houſhold Smoke aſcends;
Wakd at the Sight, his Brothers Wrongs upbraid
His melting Hart, and Griefe his Boſome rends:
And now the keene Reſolve its gleaming Comfort lends.

XXXV.

Perdie, now were I bent on Legends fine
My Knight ſhould riſe the Flowre of Chivalrie,
Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another Saint George England then ſhould ſee,
Britannias Genius ſhould his Sabra bee,
Chaind to the Rocke by Dragon to be ſlain,
But he the Virgin Princeſſe ſoon ſhould free,
And ſtretch the Monſter breathleſs on the Plain;
Bribery, the Dragon huge, ſhould never riſe again.

XXXVI.

Eke ſhould he, freed from foul Enchaunters Spell;
Eſcape his falſe Dueſſas magick Charms,
And Folly quaid, yclepd an Hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous Lady to his Arms,
While Bardes and Minſtrales chaunt the ſoft Alarms
Of gentle Love, unlike his former Thrall.
Eke ſhould I ſing, in courtly cunning Terms,
The gallant Feaſt, ſervd up by Seneſhall,
To Knights and Ladies gent in painted Bowre and Hall.

XXXVII.

But certes, while my Tongue fayre Truth indites,
And does of human Frailtie ſoothly tell,
Unmeet it were indulge the daintie Flights
Of Phantaſie, that never yet befell.
Uneath it is long Habits to expell,
Ne may the beſt good Hart its Bliſs ſecure,
Ne may the livelie Powre of judging well
In arduous worthy Deed long Time endure,
Where DISSIPATION once has fixt her Footing ſure.

XXXVIII.

Such was the Powre that angrie Jove bestowd
On this faire Nymph: the Historie thus is told.
To *Dians* Care her Life her Mother owd:
Faire *Dian* found her naked on the Wold,
Some Peasants Babe exposd to deadlie Cold,
And gave her to a Satyrs Care to rear;
Then, when the Nymph was fifteen Springtimes old,
Equipt her with the Bow and Huntresse Spear,
And of her Woodland Traine her made a welcome Fere.

XXXIX.

But ill her Mind receivd chaste *Phœbes* Lore,
Fain would she at the Chace still lag behind:
One sultry Noone, as *Phœbe* sped afore,
Beneath a leafy Vine the Nymph reclind,
And, Fan my Breaste, she cried, Oh Western Wind!
Soon at the wishd-for Word *Favonius* came.
From that Day forth the conscious Nymph declind
The near Inspection of the Sovereign Dame,
Till mid the Chace, one Morne, her Throes betrayd her Shame.

XL.

Her Throes with Scorne the taunting Dryads eyd,
The Nymph changd Colours, and hung down her Head;
Still change thy bluſhing Hue, the Goddeſs cryd:
Forthwith a freezing Languor gan invade
Her Limbs; and now, with ſuddein Leaves arrayd,
A *Ruſſian Poppy* ſhe tranſmewd remains;
The various Colours ever riſe and fade,
The Tints ſtill ſhifting mock the Painters Pains;
And ſtill her drowſie Mood the beauteous Nymph retains.

XLI.

Meanwhile his new-born Elfe *Favonius* bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy Pinions farre away;
And with the Fawns, by *Peneus* flowry Shore,
From earlieſt Youth the laughing Imp did play,
For ever fluttering, debonair and gay,
And reſtleſſe, as the Dove *Deucalion* * ſent
To ſpy if peering Oake did yet bewray
Its braunching Head above the flooded Bent,
But ydlie beating round the Day in vain was ſpent.

* Plutarch. de Solert. Animal.

XLII.

When now the Nymph to riper Yeares gan riſe,
To fayre PARNASSUS Groves ſhe took her Flight;
There, culling Flowretts of a thouſand Dyes,
Still did her Head with tawdry Girlonds dight;
As ſoon the Wreath ill forted would ſhe quight:
Ne ever did ſhe climb the twyforkt Hill,
Ne could her Eyen explore its cloudy Height,
Ne did ſhe ever taſte the ſacred Rill
From Inſpirations Fount that ever doth diſtill.

XLIII.

Her ſprightly Levitie was from her Syre,
Her drowſy Dulneſs from her Mother ſprong;
This never would allow her Mind aſpyre,
That never would allow her Patience long.
Thus as ſhe lightly rovd the Lawns among,
High JOVE beheld her from his Starry Seat,
And calld her DISSIPATION: wilde and young
Still ſhalt Thou be, he ſaid; and this thy Fate,
On Man thy Sleights employ, on Man that prowd Ingrate.

XLIV.

All Happineſſe he claims his Virtues due,
And holds him injurd when my Care denies
The fondling Wiſh, whence Sorrow would enſue;
And idle ſtill his Prayers invade my Skies:
But bold and arduous muſt that Virtue riſe
Which I accept, no vague inconſtant Blaze.
Then be it Thine to ſpred before his Eyes
Thy changing Colours and thy wyld-fire Rays,
And fruitleſſe ſtill ſhall be that Virtue thou canſt daze.

XLV.

So ſwore the God, by gloomy *Styx* he ſwore;
The Fates aſſented, and the Dæmon flew
Right to the Seats of Men. The Robe ſhe wore
Was ſtarrd with Dewdrops, and of paleſt Blue;
Faire round her Head playd many a beauteous Hue,
As when the Rainbow through the Bean Flowres plays;
The fleeting Tints the Swaynes with Wonder view,
And ween to ſnatch a Prize beneath the Rays;
But through the Meadows dank the beauteous Meteor ſtrays.

XLVI.

So ſhone the Nymph, and prankt in Pleaſures Guize
With wylie Traines the Sonnes of Earth beſett;
Goodneſſe of Hart before her yawns and dies,
And Friendſhip ever feels the drowſie Fitt
Juſt when its Powre to ſerve could ſerve a Whitt.
And ſtill behind her march REMORSE and SHAME,
That never will their yron Scourge remitt,
Whenſo the Fiend reſigns her Thralls to them.
Sad Caſe, I weet, where ſtill Oneſelfe Oneſelfe muſt blame.

XLVII.

Long had the Knight to her his Powres reſignd;
In wanton Dalliance firſt her Nett ſhe ſpred,
And ſoon in mirthfull Tumult on his Mind
She ſoftlie ſtole: yet, while at times he ſped
To Contemplations Bowre, his Sight ſhe fled,
Ne on the Mountainett with him durſt bide,
Yet homewards ſtill ſhe mett him in the Glade,
And in the ſocial Cup did ſlily glide,
And ſtill his beſt Reſolves eftſoones ſhe ſcatterd wide.

XLVIII.

And now, as ſlowly fauntering up the Dale
He homeward wends, in heavie muſefull Stowre,
The ſmooth Deceiver gan his Hart aſſail:
His Hart ſoon felt the faſcinating Powre;
Old Cambrias Genius markt the fatal Houre,
And tore the Girlond from her Sea-greene Hair;
The conſcious Oakes above him ruſtling lowre,
And through the Braunches ſighs the gloomy Air
As when indignant JOVE rejects the Flamens Prayer.

XLIX.

The Dryads of the Grove that oft had fird
His opening Mind with many a heavenlie Dream,
That oft his Evening Wanderings had inſpird,
All by the ſilent Hill or murmuring Stream,
Forſake him now; for all as loſt they deem.
So home he wends; where, wrapt in Jollitie,
His Hall to keepen Holiday mote ſeem,
And with the Hunters ſoon full blythe was he,
The blytheſt Wight of all that blytheſom Companie.

L.

As when th' Autumnal Morne with ruddy Hue
Looks through the Glen beſprent with Silver hore,
Acroſs the Stubble, bruſhing off the Dew,
The younkling Fowler gins the Fieldes explore,
And, wheeling oft, his Pointer veres afore,
And oft, ſagacious of the tainted Gale,
The fluttering Bird betrays; ~~when~~, with thondring Rore
The Shott reſounds, loud echoing through the Dale;
But ſtill the Younkling kills nor Partridge, Snipe, nor Quail.

LI.

Yet ſtill the queint Excuſe is at Command;
The Dog was raſh, a Swallow twitterd by,
The Gun hung Fire, and Keenneſs ſhook his Hand,
And there the Wind or Buſhes hurt his Eye.
So can the Knight his Mind ſtill ſatisfye:
A lazie Fiend, SELF IMPOSITION hight,
Still whiſpers ſome Excuſe, ſome gilden Lye,
Himſelfe did gild to cheat himſelfe outright;
God help the Man bewitchd in ſuch ungratious Plight.

LII.

On DISSIPATION ſtill this Treachor waits,
Obſequiouſly behind at Diſtance due;
And ſtill to DISCONTENTS accurſed Gates,
The Hous of Sorrow, theſe ungodlie Two
Conduct their fainty Thralls — Great Things to do
The Knight reſolvd, but never yet could find
The proper Time, while ſtill his Miſeries grew:
And now theſe Dæmons of the captive Mind
Him to the drery Cave of DISCONTENT reſignd.

LIII.

Deep in the Wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay;
Wide was the Mouth, the Roofe all rudely rent,
Some parts receive, and ſome exclude the Day,
For deepe beneath the Hill its Caverns went:
The ragged Walls with Lightning ſeemd ybrent,
And loathlie Vermin ever crept the Flore;
Yet all in Sight, with Towres and Caſtles gent,
A beauteous Lawnſkepe roſe afore the Dore,
The which to vew ſo fayre the Captives grieved ſore.

LIV.

All by the Gate, beneath a Pine Shade bare,
An Owl-frequented Bowre, ſome Tents were ſpred;
Here ſat a Preaſſe with eager furious Stare
Rattling the Dice; and there, with Eyes halfe dead,
Some drowſie Dronkards, looking black and red,
Dozd out their Days: and by the Path-way green
A ſprightlie Troupe ſtill onward heedleſſe ſped,
In Chace of Butterflies alert and keen;
Honours, and Wealth, and Powre, their Butterflies I ween.

LV.

And oft, diſguſtfull of their various Cares,
Into the Cave they wend with ſullen Pace;
Each to his meet Apartment dernly fares,
Here, all in Raggs, in piteous Plight moſt bace,
The Dronkard ſitts. There, ſhent with foul Diſgrace,
The thriftleſſe Heir; and o'er his reeking Blade
Red with his Friends Hart Gore, in woefull Cace
The Duelliſt raves: and there, on Vetchie Bed,
Crazd with his vaine Purſuits, the Maniack bends his Head.

LVI.

Yet round his gloomy Cell, with Chalk, he ſcrawls
Ships, Coches, Crownes, and eke the Gallow Tree;
All that he wiſhd or feard his ghaſtlie Walls
Preſent him ſtill, and mock his Miſerie.
And there, ſelf-doomd, his curſed Selfe to flee,
The Gameſter hangs in Corner murk and dread;
Nigh to the Ground bends his ungratious Knee;
His drooping Armes and white-reclining Head
Dim ſeen, cold Horror gleams athwart th' unhallowed Shade.

LVII.

Near the dreare Gate, beneath the rifted Rock,
The Keeper of the Cave all haggard ſatt,
His pining Corſe a reſtleſſe Ague ſhook,
And bliſtering Sores did all his Carkas frett:
All with himſelfe he ſeemd in keen Debate;
For ſtill the Muſcles of his Mouthe he drew,
Ghaſtly and fell; and ſtill with deepe Regrate
He lookd him round, as if his Hart did rew
His former Deeds, and mournd full ſore his Sores to vew.

LVIII.

Yet not Himſelfe, but Heavens Great King he blamd,
And dard his Wiſdom and his Will arraign;
For boldly he the Ways of God blaſphemd,
And of blinde Governaunce did loudlie plain,
While vild Selfe-pity would his Eyes diſtain;
As when an Wolfe, entrapt in Village Ground,
In Dred of Death ygnaws his Limb in twain,
And views with ſcalding Teares his bleeding Wound:
Such fierce Selfe-pity ſtill this Wights dire Portaunce crownd.

LIX.

Near by there ſtood an Hamlett in the Dale,
Where, in the Silver Age, CONTENT had wonne;
This now was His: yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing Eyes that Place did ever ſhun;
But ever through his Neighbours Lawns would run,
Where every goodlie Fielde thrice goodlie ſeemd.
Such was this weary Wight all woe-begone;
Such was his Life; and thus of Things he deemd;
And ſuchlich was his Cave, that all with Sorrowes teemd.

LX.

To this fell Carle gay DISSIPATION led,
And in his Purlieus left the hapleſs Knight.
From the dire Cave fain would the Knight have fled,
And fain recalld the treachrous Nymphe from flight:
But now the late Obtruder ſhuns his Sight,
And dearly muſt be wooed: hard by the Den,
Where ſocial Bacchus had his Tents ypight,
A tranſient Viſit ſometimes would he gain,
While Wine and merry Song becalmd his inward Pain.

LXI.

Yet, ever as he raiſd his ſlombering Head,
The drery Tyrant at his Couch ſtood near;
And ay with ruthleſſe Clamour gan upbraid,
And Wordes that would his very Hartſtrings tear.
See now, he ſayes, where ſetts thy vain Career:
Approching Eld now wings its cheerleſſe Way,
Thy fruitleſſe Autumn gins to blanch thy Heare,
And aged Winter aſks from Youth its Stay;
But thine comes poore of Joy, comes with unhonourd Gray.

LXII.

Thou haſt no Friend! — Still on the worthleſſe Traine
Thy Kindneſſe flowd, and ſtill with Scorne repaid:
Even She on whom thy Favours heapt remain,
Even ſhe regards Thee with a Boſome dead
To kindly Paſſion, and by Motives led
Such as the Planter of his Negroe deems;
What Profit ſtill can of the Wretch be made
Is all his Care, of more he never dreams:
So, farre remote from her, thy Troubles ſhe eſteems.

LXIII.

Thy Children too! Heavens! what a hopeleſs Sight!
Ah, wretched Syre! — but ever from this Scene
The wretched Syre precipitates his Flight,
And in the Bowls wylde Fever ſhuns his Teene.
So paſs his Dayes, while What he might have beene
Its beauteous Views does every Morne preſent:
So paſs his Dayes, while ſtill the Raven SPLEEN
Croaks in his Eares, The brighteſt Senſe miſpent
Begets an hoarie Age of Griefe and Diſcontent.

LXIV.

But boaſt not of ſuperiour ſhrewd Addreſſe,
Ye who can calmly ſpurn the ruind Mayd,
Ye who unmovd can view the deepe Diſtreſſe
That cruſhes to the Duſt the Parents Head,
And rends that eaſie Heart by You betrayd,
Boaſt not that Ye his numerous Woes eſchew;
Ye who unawd the Nuptial Couch invade,
Boaſt not his Weakneſſe with Contempt to vew;
For worthy is He ſtill compard, perdie, to YOU.

BRITISH MUSEUM

GLOSSARY.

ACCLOYD, diſguſted, cloyed.
Adred, frightened. Anglo-Sax. Aðræðan.
Agone, ago.
Albee, although.
Als, alſo.
Arread, interpret.
Attonce, at once, together.
Atweene, between.
Ay, always.

Bale, harm, ſorrow.
Beene. Frequently uſed by the old Poets for the Indicative Imperfect of the Verb *To be*.
Beſeene, becoming.
Blin, ceaſe, blinnan. Sax.
Brede, to knit, plait, bnedan.

Carle, old Man.
Caſt, plotted, contrived.
Certes, certainly, truly.
Chorle, a Peaſant.
Clept, named, called.
Covetiſe, Avarice.

Dan, a Prefix, *quaſi* Mr.
Dearling, Darling.
Deſly, neatly, finely.
Depeinten, figured, diſplayed.
Dernly, ſadly, ſecretly, eagerly.
Dight, adorned, clad.
Dreare, diſmal, frightful.

Eſtſoones, by and bye, forthwith.
Eke, alſo.
Eld, Age.
Elfe, Young One, Child.
Erſt, formerly.
Eyen, Eyes.

Fay, Fairy.
Faytor, Villain, Deceiver.
Fere, Companion.
Forby, beſide, near to.
Fordone, undone, ruined.
Foreſend, to guard beforehand.
Fray, tumult, buſtle.
Frayd, afraid.

Geer, Furniture, Tackle.
Gent, fine, noble.
Gin, *gan*, begin, began.
Glen, a Dell, a Hollow between two Hills.
Goody, a Countrywoman.

Han, Preterite Plural of the Verb *To have*.
Heare, Hair. Often uſed by Spenſer.
Hight, called, is called, was called, or named.
Hoyden, ſlattern, coarſe.

Imp, Infant, Child.
Jolliment, Merriment.

Ken, v. to ſee.
Knare, a knotty Arm of a Tree. *Dryd.*

Leache, Phyſician.
Lemman, Miſtreſs, Concubine.
Lever, rather.
Lewdly, baſely, fooliſhly.
Lieſeſt, deareſt.

Malengines, Perſons villainouſly employed, Toad-eaters.
Meint, mingled.
Merrimake, Paſtime.
Mery, pleaſant.
Moe, more.
Mote, v. might, mot.
Murk, dark.

Nathemore, not the more.
Nathleſſe, nevertheleſs, naðeleȝ.
Native, natural.
Ne, nor.
Nolens volens, willing or unwilling.

Paynim, Pagan.
Parfay, } an Aſſeveration, *quaſi*
Perdie, } verily.
Pierſant, piercing.
Portaunce, Behaviour, Manner.
Prankt, adorned.
Preaſſe, n. s. a Crowd. So printed in the old Bibles, *St. Mark*, v. 27.

Quaid, quelled, conquered.
Quight, to quit, to leave.

Read, to warn, to propheſy.
Recks, heeds, cares for.
Requere, require. Often uſed by Spenſer.
Rew, to repent.
Ruth, *ruthleſs*, pity, pityleſs.

Salews, ſalutes.
Semblaunt, appearance.
Seneſhall, Maſter of Ceremonies, Steward.
Sheen, bright, ſhining, fine.
Shent, diſgraced, ȝcende, ȝcendiꝺ.
Skyen, adj. Sky.
Sooth, *ſoothly*, truth, truly.
Stownd, } Emotion, Fit, Stir,
Stowre, } ȝtȳnian.
Straine, Tenor.
Suchlich, ſuchlike.
Sues, purſues, follows.

Teen, Grief, Sorrow.
Thewes, Habits, Manners.
Thilk, this, that.

GLOSSARY.

Traines, Devices, Traps.
Transmewd, changed, transformed.
Treachor, Traitor, Deceiver.
Troublous, troublesome.

Vild, vile.
Uneath, not easy, difficult.

Wareless, unsuspecting.
Wassal, festive.
Ween, *weend*, or *wend*, think, deemed.
Wend, move, go.
Weet, much the same as *ween*.
Weetless, thoughtless.
Whilom, formerly, hpilum.
a *Whitt*, a jot, any thing, aphit, *aliquid*.
Whyleare, erewhile, hpilæn.
Wight, Person, þiht.
Wilding, the Crab-tree.
Wonne, to dwell.
Wreakfull, revengeful.
Yblendt, mixes.
Yblent, blinded.
Ybrent, burnt.
Yclept, called, named.
Yfere, together.
Ygoe, formerly.
Yode, went.
Youthhede, *quasi* Youthhood.
Youthly, lively, youthful.
Ypight, placed, fixed.
Ywis, truly, verily.

The letter *Y* in all the old English Poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conquest the ȝe gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the Pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon Formation in adding the letter *N*, as *Eyen*, Eyes; but this is mostly used to verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c.

ERRATA.

Page 44. line 9. for *Hybleas*, read *Hyblas*.
Page 68. line 7. dele the word *when*.